

The Oriole



Gehman

James Telling
Bessie Allison

Edith Queenberry

Vernelle Harder

Samuel Baldwin

Theodosia Derrick

Mary Amburn

Vera K. Smith

Linda Conduff

Nannie Dalton

Dorothy Chandler

Crystal Fry

Vera Moorefield

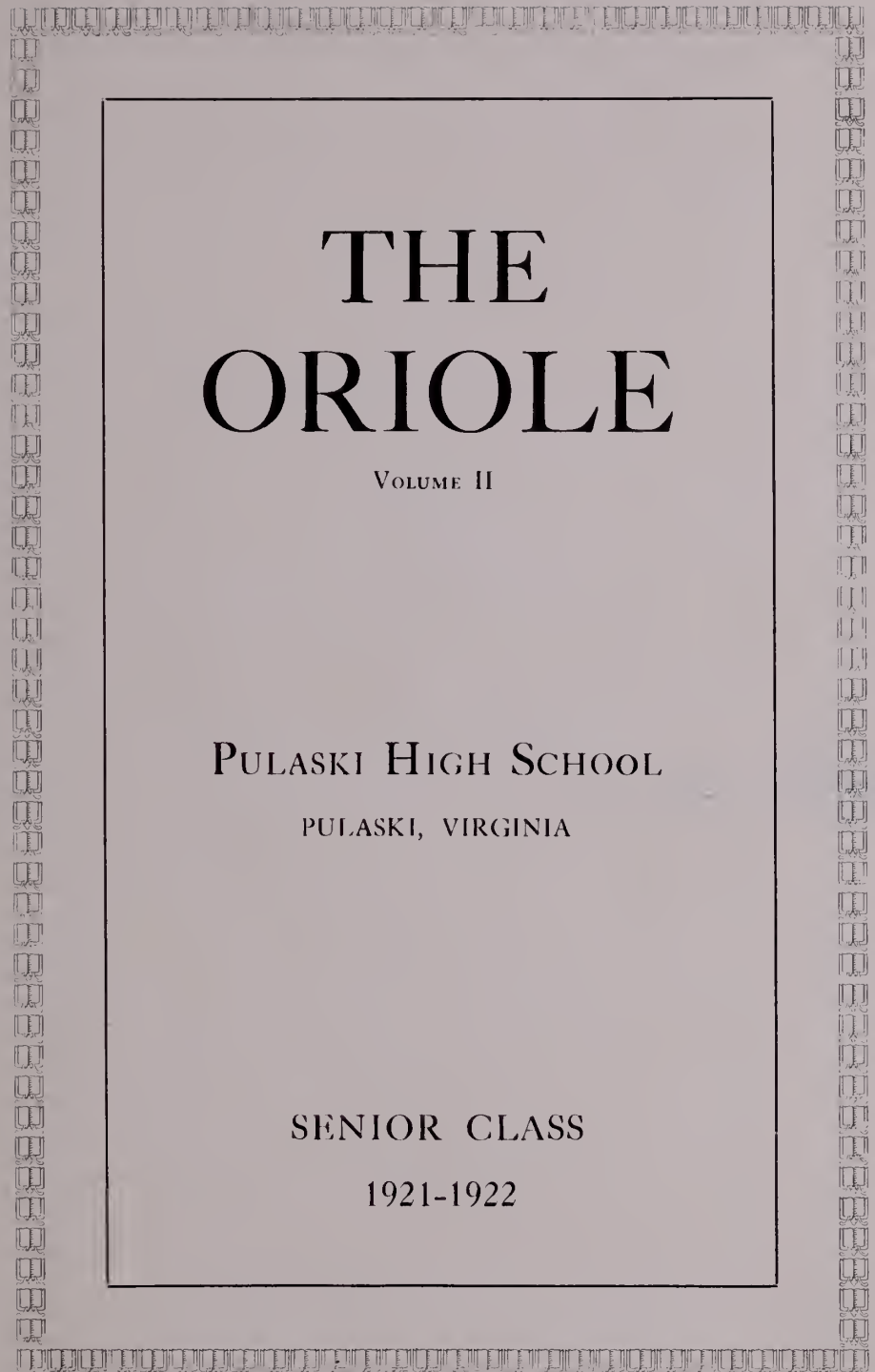
Mary Duncan

Engel Grounds

1922

William M. ...

Georgia Thomas



THE ORIOLE

VOLUME II

PULASKI HIGH SCHOOL
PULASKI, VIRGINIA

SENIOR CLASS
1921-1922

Foreword

It has been our aim in this, *The Oriole* for the year of 1922, to portray, to the best of our ability, the school life of the past year. We sincerely hope that this little volume of our hopes, trials and aspirations may serve in later years to bring back memories of the happiest years of our lives—those which we have spent at dear old Pulaski High School.



E. L. DARST, *Superintendent*
PULASKI COUNTY SCHOOLS



C. P. MACGILL, *Chairman*
PULASKI SCHOOL BOARD



E. T. HOWARD, *Clerk*
PULASKI SCHOOL BOARD



M. P. LANDIS
PULASKI SCHOOL BOARD



J. C. ELLIOTT, *Principal*

Dedication

To Professor H. C. Elliott, one who has ever pointed out
to us the way that was bigger and nobler than any
other; who has guided us in a manner that
will ever be a beautiful memory to be
carried with us through life,

The Oriole is affection-
ately dedicated.



FACULTY 1921-22, PULASKI HIGH SCHOOL

FACULTY

PROF. J. C. ELLIOTT, *Principal*
Randolph-Macon College; University of Virginia

MISS MARY THOMAS, *Assistant Principal*
History
Farmville State Normal; University of Virginia

MISS EVELYN FINKS, *English*
Martha Washington College; University of Virginia

MISS FRANCES ROLSTON, *Mathematics*
Harrisonburg State Normal

MISS LOUISE WATTS, *Latin*
Farmville State Normal

MR. HENSEL ECKMAN, *French, Science*
Cheltenham Hills School; University of Pennsylvania



MISS EVELYN FINKS, *Sponsor*

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THEODOSIA DERRICK

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MARY DUNCAN

Business Manager

JAMES TROLINGER

Assistant Business Manager

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BLANCHE VAUGHN

RAYMOND DAWSON

Athletic Editors

EUGENE GROSECLOSE

VERNELLE HARDEN

NANNIE DALTON

Joke Editors

LOUISE FITZHUGH

AGNES CARICO

JANET BALDWIN

ETHEL QUESENBERRY

Club Editors

DOROTHY CHANDLER

CRYSTAL FRYE

Art Editors

BESSIE ALLISON

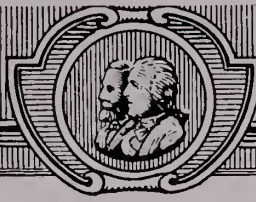
MARY AMBURN

Ad Editors

VERA MOOREFIELD

GEORGIA THOMAS

VARA SMITH



The
CLASSES



SENIORS

1922



OFFICERS

EUGENE GROSECLOSE *President*
THEODOSIA DERRICK . . . *Vice-President*
JANET BALDWIN *Secretary*
JAMES TROLINGER *Treasurer*
MR. HENSEL ECKMAN *Manager*

MOTTO

Strength United is Stronger.

COLORS: *Crimson and Gold.*

FLOWER: *Red Rose.*

MASCOT

"Snookums."

Class of Twenty-Two

SING a song of sixpence,
Which we haven't got,
One and twenty seniors, all right on the spot:
This is "Doc" Groseclose, good sport all around;
If there's any mischief he started it, I'm bound.
This is Georgia Thomas, biggest flirt in school;
Watch out, little boy! or you'll be the fool.
Here's Bessie Allison, friend of all in town;
If she's ever missing I 'spect she's Blacksburg bound.
This is—Mercy me! What's that? You tho't it was a tent?
It's only "Baby" Trolinger; I'm sure what you said was well
meant.
Let's introduce you to Crystal Frye, Latin is her hobby;
"Nota bene:" some day you'll meet her in Congressional lobby.
This is Theo. Derrick, second to none;
When the rest of us are just started Theo. is always done.
Meet "Iki" Dawson; first in French, he;
In that one class he's a star, just wait and you'll see.
Enter Vera Moorefield, "Curly Locks" I mean;
All there is Vera—best pal you've ever seen.
Mary Duncan calmly strolls upon our little stage,
And her making excuses to Mr. Eckman seems to be the rage.
Here comes Vara Smith, musician to the collar,
And from there on up is a long way from being "holler."
This is Blanche Vaughn, calm and dignified,
Who is usually much needed to uphold the senior pride.
Here's to Louise Fitzhugh, so graceful and so slim;
If there's anything around to eat she goes at it with a vim.
Here's Janet Baldwin, of the P. E. P. Club,
But when it comes to honors she never is a dub.
This is Dollie Kasey, leader in smiles;
When it comes to happiness she's got us all beat miles.
There is Agnes Carico, she's all the way from Fries;
She's very, very quiet—she doesn't even sneeze..
Next is Linda Conduff, "Shorty," of Twenty-Two;
If you ever need any aid Linda will surely help you through.
"Little Mary" Amburn, senior to the dot,
But when the bell begins to ring she's never on the spot.

Ethel Quesenberry is the next in line,
And she only takes three subjects of all the fifty-nine.
That's Dorothy Chandler peeping around the door;
Dot knows High School Alphabet, and a few things more.
Here comes Nannie Dalton, pretty, smiling, sweet;
Why is she smiling? She just met Herman on the street!
This is Vernelle Harden, last but certainly not least—
Grandest singer of our town, and probably of the east.
When the fall term opened these Seniors began to sing:
"Look at us, just look at us; we graduate next spring!"

Mary Amburn, '22.



BESSIE COPELAND ALLISON

"There is none like her—none."

Vice-President P. E. P.; Secretary Glee Club;
Art Editor *Oriole*.

"Bece" is decidedly the sunshine of the class. Jolly, merry, and sympathetic, she is the same good friend — yesterday, today, and forever. But listen. Have you heard her sing? Well, if you haven't you've missed a treat.

MARY ELIZABETH AMBURN

*"Beware when the Great God lets loose a great
thinker on this planet."*

Glee Club; Literary Editor *Oriole*; Class
Historian.

Mary is one of our most literary members and we are not sure whether future generations will have to learn "reams" of characteristics and contributions or whether she will be a lawyer and uphold her side of the argument. She may do both who knows?

JANET HENDERSON BALDWIN

"Love me, love my dog."

Secretary Senior Class '22; Glee Club;
P. E. P.; Assistant Joke Editor.

Whenever we see "Prince" we know that Janet is just around the corner. But leaving him out just this once Janet is a loyal member of '22, and she helps to make our class the best ever. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is John's opinion, and she evens up her studies and her good times. We are all glad Janet is a member of '22.





AGNES BOYER CARICO

*"The countless gold of a merry heart,
The rubies and pearls of a loving eye."*

Glee Club; Joke Editor *Oriole*.

We used to be rather in awe of Agnes because of her dignity; now all is changed, for how can one go through a siege of whooping-cough and retain one's dignity? So the awe is gone and in its place remains friendship for Agnes and best wishes for her in her college career.

DOROTHY MAY CHANDLER

"A light heart lives long."

P. E. P. Club; Bobby Club; Glee Club;
Club Editor *Oriole*.

Whenever old '22 has a spell of the blues, "Dot's" gay little laugh is sure to help. Now don't get the idea that she doesn't study, because she does, and she is always ready to do her share - and come up smiling!

LINDA EMILY CONDUFF

"A wee bonnie lass like a sweet wild rose."

Secretary and Treasurer of Class '19, '20, '21, '22; Business Manager Glee Club; Reporter Literary Society; Literary Editor *Oriole*.

Although Linda is small, she is one of the best in our class. She always succeeds in making high marks, and she likes a good time, but she prefers it out of school. We will always remember her as one of the "big little girls" of our class.

NANNIE ESTHER DALTON

*"I'll never blame my partial fancy,
Nothing could resist my Nancy."*

Glee Club; Bobbie Club; P. E. P. Club;
Athletic Editor *Oriole*.

We are not socially inclined, as a whole, but no class should be selfish with its beauty. That's why we can't keep Nancy out of society and from joining nearly every club in school. Anyway she excels in Chemistry by breaking out the bottom of the test tubes, turning over the acids, and analyzing the broken fragments of a former beaker.

RAYMOND LLOYD DAWSON

"O this learning! What a thing it is!"

Glee Club; Literary Editor *Oriole*.

"Iki" never says very much, but we all know how life brightens for him when French class comes around. He's a regular fellow, and we all wish him the best of luck.

LEORA THEODOSIA DERRICK

*"Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay."*

Editor-in-Chief *Oriole*; Vice-President Literary Society '21, '22; President Literary Society '22; President P. E. P. Club; Glee Club.

Theo. is the competent pilot of '22. She is always cool, calm, and dainty. During one of our stormy class tussels, the rest of us are just "wild," but Theo. stays as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar, and finally leads us back to place and quiet again. Her irresistible good humor and her fine sympathy will continue to draw hearts to her.





MARY JANE DUNCAN

*"Her unconquered mirth turns quieter not
through her own, but through others' woe."*

Assistant Editor-in-Chief of *Oriole*; Manager of Basketball Team; Vice-President of Athletic Association; P. E. P.; Glee Club; Best natured in "Who-Zoo."

When we think of Mary, we think of a good-natured and honest student. She doesn't seem to worry about her work or anything else, but she always succeeds in passing her exams. Mary is a good sport and when she goes into a basketball game she goes into win. She has been with us a long time and we wish her a bright and happy future.

LOUISE RANDOLPH FITZHUGH

"Freedom I love and form I hate."

Biggest eater in "Who-Zoo"; Joke Editor; Glee Club.

"Aw! it don't matter! What do we care?" seems to be the philosophy of Louise's life. Whether it is staying in, failing on an exam, or taking a scolding, she takes it all with cheerful optimism. This happy-go-luckiness causes her to be liked by all. Her likes and dislikes are summed up shortly: She likes to eat and she detests being tall.

MINNIE CRYSTAL FRYE

*"Away with him! Away with him! He
speaks Latin."*

Glee Club; Athletic Association.

Latin is just about the only thing that can make "Crys" lose her good nature, but she has plenty of sympathy. She doesn't believe in taking studying too seriously nor too lightly, and we predict a bright future for her.

EUGENE S. GROSECLOSE

*"Oh! 'tis a peerless boy!
Fearless, ingenuous, courteous, capable."*

President Senior Class; President Athletic Association; President Glee Club; Athletic Editor *Oriole*; Captain Baseball Team 1921-1922; Most popular boy in "Who-Zoo."

An eraser whizzes past; you look around and see a freckle-faced youth, studying innocently, and decide *he* couldn't have been the author; you turn away, then a merry laugh greets you. Caught by its infectiousness, you chuckle and forget the deed. That's Eugene or "Doc" of '22. On the football field you see another something streak by you on the way to the goal. Don't think it's an eraser, for it's Doc himself.

MARION VERNELLE HARDEN

"There is a method in all things."

Glee Club; Chairman Program Committee Second Term; Athletic Editor

Here is a student who is always calm and who enjoys peace. Life is not always a joke with her, because she works hard in everything. She will always be remembered as a calm, good-natured student, and always ready for her share of the fun.

DOLLIE NORA KASEY

*"She always strives to love and bless
All who live this little life,
Soothing sorrows, calming strife."*

Assistant Business Manager of *Oriole*; P. E. P.; President Class '19, '20; President Class '20, '21; Glee Club.

Dollie is a person designed to help settle "scraps." In our class meetings we always get her opinion to determine our own. We all look up to her because she is—well, rather tall! As a tonic for low spirits nothing is better than her cheerfulness. She assures us, one and all, that we can't fail this year. Here's luck, Dollie, for we know *you* won't fail in anything.





VERA JAMES MOOREFIELD

"I shall either find a way or make one."

Ad Editor *Oriole*; Glee Club.

"Oh, what a pal is Vera." Always sympathizing with us when we're grouchy. But we all felt ashamed of our laments when Vera came to school on crutches for three weeks and didn't utter a word of complaint. We had always thought her the best sport of our class, but this proved it. She is always willing to help us in our work and play, besides being the most studious Senior.

ETHEL MAY QUESENBERRY

"Speak of me as I am."

Assistant Joke Editor *Oriole*; Glee Club.

Ethel's name was awfully far down the roll, but we have only first rate things to say of her. She wanted an education so badly that she even took a summer course at the Normal, which certainly proves her perseverance in studies as well as in everything else.

VARA KATE SMITH

*"Your charming melody doth prove
That the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found."*

Assistant Ad Editor; Glee Club.

We always know when a new song or a new bit of music is introduced, for then Vara hums to herself and drums out bits of music on the imaginary keys of her desk; she executes the newest dances out while standing at the blackboard. Although a Senior Vara is fondest of the Freshman room—perhaps for old times' sake; we wonder!

GEORGIA DALTON THOMAS

"I pray you let us satisfy our eyes."

Bobby Club; Glee Club; Ad Editor *Oriole*.

If you do not get get through talking at recess, finish in school. That is how Georgia feels about it. She always enjoys a good time. But when it comes to studying she can do it, an always gets through all right, so why worry? She has made the class of '22 a happy one, and what ever she does she is sure to have many friends.

JAMES THOMAS TROLINGER

*"Oh, how full of briers is this
work-a-day world."*

Treasurer of Class '22; Business Manager *Oriole* '22; Manager P. H. S. Baseball Team; President of Virginia Literary Society '22 (First term); Testator of Class '22.

Jim's motto is "Don't study your lessons if you can get them any other way." Nevertheless we wouldn't fake words for him because he is one of the greatest in the class, being about six feet in height and weighing nearly two hundred. Due to his greatness, maybe, he is the best orator, and when he begins we're all "attention!"

VIOLA BLANCHE VAUGHN

"Fair and learned and good is she."

Glee Club; Class Prophet; Literary Editor *Oriole*.

A real student who doesn't try to display her knowledge, but who is Mr. Eckman's star French pupil. Others may fail him but never Blanche. It is an acknowledged fact among Seniors that Blanche will not do wrong even if we do, and always upholds the dignity of our undignified class.



Class History

HIGH SCHOOL RIVER looked very inviting, smooth, and clear; the sun, which was setting on our Grammar Grade lives, sparkled and played over the waters; the little boats which were destined for our journey down the river danced and tugged at their moorings as if they too wished to be on their way. We hurried down to Freshman Dock, a laughing, chattering, merry crowd of boys and girls. Seeing that everything was ready for our departure on the way to Senior Land, we jumped into our boats, waving a laughing good-bye to the friends assembled to see us shove off.

At first the boating was easy and the current carried us onward without rowing. Some one laughed, "I thought it was going to be hard. How silly we were." Suddenly we came to English Shallows; there was not the tiniest wave or breath of air to carry us onward, but a bit of rowing carried us safely through, but alas, we had hardly emerged when crash! we struck the Reefs of Ancient History. Then you should have seen us plugging up the holes in our boats and bailing out the water. Sighs and groans were heard from every side, then a girl said, "We should have watched; if we had been studying the charts instead of playing we would have missed this altogether." A boy replied, "Humph, now isn't that just like a girl? I've never heard of any one getting by here unscathed."

A heavy mist fell over the river; night was coming on; we sensed rather than saw that we were going through some rapids. "Now, what on earth are we up against?" came a plaintive voice from out of the surrounding darkness. The reply from some one who had taken the advice and "studied the charts" was not cheering: "Algebra Mists and Latin Rapids all in one fell swoop." The boats scraped against each other in the darkness; hard work was needed to keep them above the surface. Now and then a despairing voice was heard from the shore, "I'm going to quit. I won't be caught in that mess again." When at last we emerged from the misty rapids into the moonlight our number was sadly depleted. Our sorrow was alleviated, however, by a happy sight—Sophomore Landing. Here we stopped for a short rest before we re-embarked for our long journey.

"Sophomore Stretch shouldn't be so hard. It's just like the Freshman," said one optimist, hopefully. "Pshaw, you never can tell," said the pessimist, "besides there's Science and

we have to meet Caesar somewhere." A shudder greeted this dread thought. By hard rowing the old obstacles were surmounted, so when we came to an expanse of water studded by igneous and metamorphic rocks we were surprised to hear that these were the dreaded Scientific Rocks. Emboldened by this we exclaimed boastfully, "Look, Mr. Pessimist, watch how easily we can get through this." But, indeed pride does go before a fall, for many hard knocks and bumps were received before we reached Junior Wharf.

Oh, with what trepidations we started on the unknown Junior Waters, for now the river was wider and more treacherous; here there were sharp bends like angles, sand-bars were placed in every possible way, forming triangles, perpendiculars, and even circles; these had to be studied carefully by a handbook called "Plane Geometry," before we could discover the secret passageway. We thought our troubles about ended when, horror of horrors! We heard a sound as if of Charybdis; we could only wait terror stricken, our oars lax in our hands, while the boats were pulled forward by some unseen force. We turned a bend in the river and saw before us an awe inspiring sight; a huge whirlpool, stretching from bank to bank, seething and foaming and drawing all things involuntarily into its clutches. Going around and around in it were boats, with their occupants left by some previous expedition. Their boats were drawn to the very center of the maelstrom, then with a convulsive upheaval they were cast to the outer edge, then the performance would be repeated. "Steer clear!" "Steer clear!" they shrieked at us. "Don't get caught in Caesar Whirlpool." Steer clear? How we wished we were able. It was a useless exhortation; we could no more have steered clear than have sprouted wings. Irresistibly we were drawn forward into the pool. Out poor heads grew dizzy from our gyrations; round and round, would it never stop? Why should our hopes be raised so hopelessly by that fling to the outer circle? Now and then one or two would manage by hard work and skillful management to get outside. They would keep as close to the whirlpool as they dared and help some of the rest to get over, but some could not be rescued so we were obliged to leave them. We were so dizzy and nerve wracked that we were hardly able to cope with a storm of Physics which arose immediately afterwards, but we got our bearings and were soon able to pass onward. During the faint gray hours of morning we anchored before the Senior Entrance Gates. We were tired and exhaust-

ed but we were eager to see what lay beyond and hated the little time which elapsed before the gates were unlocked.

At last the gates swung open; our boats shot forward as thoroughbreds going over the last hurdle. We were not able to keep this pace long however, for soon we ran into solids formed as prisms, cylinders, tetrahedrons, and other unpronounceable things. What imagination we had left from Caesar Whirlpool was expended in imagining the other sides to these figures, but at last we threaded our way through. Beyond us there was a rough expanse of water. "Now, what kind of storm was this?" was the query. "Irregular French Verbs," was the reply. "No hope! No hope!" the waves seemed to moan in our ears. It did seem hopeless at first, but our endeavors were rewarded with victory.

Some of our number complained of the Chemistry Falls, for here, so the tale was told, were acids whose fumes were choking, chemicals which exploded and burnt one, and there was broken glass flying in the air and many other unendurable things. Now, however, there was only one more obstacle in our way, Examination Shoals, but the little craft stood even these.

A faint light appeared in the east; the morning sun showed its rim above the horizon; the mists rolled away from the river, and the curtain of night faded. The heaven's blue was scudded here and there by fleecy white clouds; a song, sweet and clear, was heard; our eyes looked upward; there was a flash of black and golden wings; the glorious sun smiled kindly as we earth bound mortals tried to do something worthy of *The Oriole* of '22.

Our very boats responded and darted forward under this stimulus, to the goal where we will receive our rewards—our Diplomas—and we will find ourselves on the Sea of Life, drawn forward by the unseen threads of Fate to what storms or havens that Fickle Goddess alone can know.

Mary E. Amburn, '22.



Class Prophecy

Of Fate I begged, near tears,
That She might fitting see
To look along the coming years,
Then say what we should be.

Kind friends, by me asked to insist
That She more helpful be,
Prevailed at last: She cleared the mist
And let us further see.

One moment—then the mist closed in,
Then all as 'twas before;
But in that glimpse what there had been
To see and hear—and more.

Louise will be a movie star;
For Ethel teaching school;
Vernelle great things will make or mar
With science as her tool.

In French will Dawson grammars write
Where "icis" are the rage,
To be a cook is Baldwin's plight;
And Frye's, an editor sage.

A missionary, Smith is for;
For Moorefield, farmer free,
And Nannie, of some man o'war
Is "mate" indeed to be.

Among famed law firms one can see
The "Duncan-Kasey's" name;
And Amburn's plays indeed 'twill be
That near Shakespearian fame.

And Jim an orator so great,
So charming and so grand;
He might persuade one risk one's fate
At Dentist Chandler's hand.

A shop antique will Georgia keep—
Where all's antique? Not she.
And there, if you will take a peep,
Miss Conduff's paintings see!

A senator is Carico,
One honored near and far;
And famous clown of famous show
Is Eugene, e'en now a star.

And, even as the mist closed in,
There came from out that sea
Piano and voice such as ne'er has been—
It must Theo and Bessie be.

Such strains, so sweetly filled the air,
Then slowly died away,
Giving a glimpse of what is there
And what will be some day.

Blanche Vaughn, '22.



Last Will and Testament

WE, the Senior Class of Pulaski High School of 1921-22, do solemnly will and bequeath to our classmates, teachers, and different organizations in the town and community all of our property both real and personal:

First: The Senior Class of '22 hereby wills to the Juniors, as our predecessors have willed to us, a little bird which has been handed down to us and which we call "*The Oriole.*" This little bird has been nursed for two years by very tender hands and we hope it will live for many years to come and not die from lack of attention. We also will to the Juniors the little moral which has hung above the cloakroom door for many years and which has helped us a great many times when in the act of throwing an eraser, by a glance at it. Again, we will our thermometer, which has hung by the door for so long that most all of the mercury in it has evaporated; however, aside from all this, it is never off more than fifteen degrees.

Second: To the remainder of the high school we will the right to become Seniors in not more than four or less than three years.

Third: To the American Red Cross organization we will the well-equipped "Medicine Chest" which is located in the cloakroom of the fifth grade. This chest contains one empty bottle of iodine and two bent "safety" pins.

Fourth: Ethel Quesenberry wills her "Normal" education to Beveridge Roberts.

Dorothy Chandler wills her "rep" of being the smallest girl in the Senior class to Lillian Paek.

Nannie Dalton wills her bobbed hair to Nannette Livingston. She also wills her "good looks" to Ethel Lewey.

Vernelle Harden wills her position as ticket seller to Robert Bunts.

Louise Fitzhugh wills her great height to Marjorie Chandler.

Mary Amburn wills her desire for studying to Charles Dean.

Linda Conduff wills her blue sweater to Daisy Lou Mathe-ney.

Agnes Carico wills to Marshall Runion her cute little smile.

Dollie Kasey wills her sympathy for her classmates to Gerard Southern.

Mary Duncan wills her position as door keeper to Dorothy Jameson.

Vara Smith wills her ukulele to Hastwell Sizer.

Blanche Vaughn wills her "A+" deportment to William Lowman.

Janet Baldwin wills her old school books to Clarence Miller.

Vera Moorefield wills her crutches to Minnie Cannaday.

Raymond Dawson wills his nickname of "lki" to William Bones.

Theo Derrick wills her editorship of *The Oriole* to Anna Allison. She also wills her common sense to William Allison.

Crystal Frye wills her knowledge of Math. to Alton Duncan.

Eugene Groseclose wills his saxaphone to Billy Cheves. He also wills to Sena Thompson the honor of being President of the Senior Class.

Georgia Thomas wills her flirting ability to Wittie Ellis.

Bessie Allison wills her fame as a singer to John Cox.

James Trolinger wills the managership of *The Oriole* to Julian Moyers.

Fifth: The Senior Class wills to the faculty the following:

To Mr. Elliott, a class that will not remain in their room at every recess, and we also will our many thanks to him for the advice he gave us during the year.

To Mr. Eckman, a French class that will study at least forty minutes each night and also a Chemistry class that will not take advantage of the small "Lab" fee and break up more than a dozen test tubes each day.

To Miss Finks, an English class that will always be prompt to have their parallels read, and one that will not groan and kick when an assignment of thirty pages a night is made.

To Miss Thomas, a History class that will sit up straight, put away all playthings, and give her every bit of their attention.

To Miss Watts, a Latin class that can write Latin such as Caesar himself could not read.

To Miss Rolston, a Geometry class that can take a twenty-foot pole and by means of finding the area of a cone make it look like a Stutz Bearcat.

In testimony whereof we have written and signed, and do hereby declare this paper, this twenty-fourth day of May, to be our last Will and Testament. *James Trolinger, '22.*

Class Song

Tune: "Why, Dear?"

Dear old school that we hate to leave,
To thee our thoughts will ever cleave;
Whatever the fate of our dear class may be,
Our thoughts will ever turn to thee.

Out into the world each one must go,
As to the place we fill we do not know.
But in the years to come we'll look back with a sigh—
Dear P. H. S. will never die.

Who knows how far from home each one may go?
Whether the heights we climb be high or low?
But now our hearts are gay, ambitious, and true,
Each member of the Class of Twenty-Two.

Chorus:

Why, why must we leave you?
Our friend you have been;
Our love is true,
Each one of twenty-two.
Oh, why are we grieving
As we are leaving?
Dear school we love so,
We must go.

Janet Baldwin, '22.



OFFICERS

ERNEST LEWEY *President*
MINNIE CANNADAY *Vice-President*
DOROTHY JAMESON *Secretary*
NANNETTE LIVINGSTON *Treasurer*

MOTTO

Nihil Sine Labore.

COLORS: *Purple and Gold.* FLOWER: *Pansy.*

MEMBERS

Billy Bones	Anna Allison
Robert Bunts	Minnie Canaday
Charles Dean	Mattie Jackson
Ernest Lewey	Gertrude Jennings
William Lowman	Nannette Livingston
Julian Moyers	Elizabeth Matheney
Marshall Runion	Daisy Nelson
Gerard Southern	Lillian Pack
Frances Painter	Mamie Russell
Minnie Pierce	Alene Stuart
Beveridge Roberts	Sena Thompson



JUNIOR CLASS

THE "JUNE BUG" CLASS

THE "June Bug" Class has never done anything in the past so great that it will have to burden history classes with it—and probably never will. Still the June Bugs always intend to do their part in whatever work is at hand. They hope to accomplish wonderful things in the future, performing well whatever work is assigned to them in the play of the world. But the hopes and aims of the class, of things to be, are not the subject. What has already been achieved is the "question for discussion."

We have always managed to have our share of any of the fun, which is current practically all of the time—and it has sometimes been almost to the distraction of our teachers. Of course, we are serious at times—such as during "Mid-Years" or "Finals," but, thank goodness, they don't come every day! Each New Year we turn over a new leaf of the required size examination theme paper. We make new resolutions when we get our papers back! (They are sometimes demanded by those whose pleasure it is to instruct us.) We really do have times of truly hard work—that is, most of us. But no one feels very energetic during April and May.

We aren't different from other people, in that we have our trials and troubles. The main cause of our worry is lack of ready money. Another grievance is having the room either too hot or too cold. We feel that this is unjust, for *we* are not to blame. And how we do cry for justice! What consternation is caused when the bell for dismissal is rung a few minutes too late, thus preventing us from leaving promptly at half past three, thereby losing pleasant moments of recreation. We are forbidden, by those who have us in their charge to be, under any circumstances, tardy. Then, ought not they to be as strict with themselves as with us? Here you have the attitude of the June Bugs toward instructors (both male and female). Usually though, this viewpoint is expounded on the rostrum, as in debates. Really we don't use such terms in our "every day" conversation. In fact, in regard to lessons, we are sometimes inclined to be dumb.

We are the fellow-sufferers and sympathizers with the other students of P. H. S., and we know what school is like. Also, we surely will be glad when our own glad Commencement Day

condescends to come nearer than from that far off horizon, but—well it's a mighty fine school after all, and we June Bugs realize it, as does every one else—so we are still back of it, as we have been for many years and as we intend always to be, even after we have left its portals at three minutes past half-past three o'clock for the last time.

Beveridge Roberts, '23.





SOPHOMORES

OFFICERS

MARTHA DERRICK *President*
ISABEL MILLER *Vice-President*
SYLVIA BYRD *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

William Allison	Pauline Bopp
Joe Baldwin	Sylvia Byrd
Joe Bones	Naomi Cannaday
Alonzo Carper	Audrey Chandler
Billy Cheves	Margaret Dalton
John Cox	Martha Derrick
Alton Duncan	Louise Dudley
Howard Gilmer	Alyne Hurd
Marvin Harden	Ethel Lewey
Albert Kirkner	Alene Miller
Foy McGuire	Isabel Miller
Clarence Miller	Jeanette Ray
Ronald Powell	Thelma Richardson
Robert Runion	Marion Thomas
Livingston Sheppard	Maxine Umberger
Hastwell Sizer	Beatrice Webb

Conway Smith



SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

WE are told that "history repeats itself" and this is very true. Our class has traveled the same road as the class before us, even though each succeeding year may bring improvements and advancements that experience may suggest. Yet there is a difference; each individual member brings into the class their own individuality and carries away with them all those things of value, that industry and hard work have given, leaving the storehouse of Knowledge as full and complete as before, awaiting the coming of our successors.

We are happy now that we stand at the half-way point and are able to view with satisfaction the accomplishments of two years of high school life, and looking forward with eagerness, shall go to meet all those joys and sorrows that lie hidden in the days that will make up the next two years. We are proud of our past history and gladly await the future.

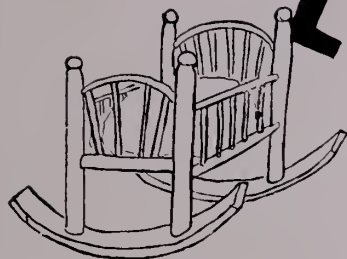
It is true that as the road gets higher and steeper some may falter by the wayside, growing weary, or others may turn out of the path and fall asleep in the shade of the trees or even turn back altogether; but we are sure that the class of '24 will press on with flying colors until we reach the top.

Some history is dull and uninteresting, but to us the past two years is not so. Our High School experience is full of vital interest. Each happening will be remembered and cherished in the years to come. As we have studied each subject taught us and have noted the unfolding of the mysteries in Science, Latin, History, English, and Mathematics, we have wondered sometimes "what is the use," but having been told that by some mysterious process, only understood by our teachers, that it is for the development of our minds, we have blindly stumbled on and watched our heads grow larger, even if our shadows have grown less.

To our teachers and their untiring efforts in our behalf, we wish to express our highest appreciation. They have certainly worked wonders and we hope some day to see them partly repaid.

To the Freshmen we say, "Step up higher," and we shall take our stand as Juniors with renewed determination to make a high record, to do our best to maintain that high standard of the past, and at the end of the road of Knowledge to be able to say, "*Venimus, vidimus, vicimus.*"

Martha Cosby Derrick, '24.



FRESHMEN

class of '25 (i)

officers

porter wisler		<i>president</i>
wittie ellis		<i>vice-president</i>
mildred carson		<i>secretary</i>
frank jackson		<i>treasurer</i>

members

theodore hall	mildred carson
moore harvey	elsie duncan
onis hufford	wittie ellis
frank jackson	agnes fleeman
milller lindamood	lena gray
porter wisler	louise hurst
daisy lou matheney	anna smith
helen morris	grace whitaker
ethel nunn	ella williams



CLASS OF '25 (I)

class of '25 (ii)

officers

virginia roberts	<i>president</i>
emily langhorne	<i>vice-president</i>
virginia snider	<i>secretary</i>
margaret brewer	<i>treasurer</i>

members

carl bunts	ella albert
robert calfee	margaret brewer
edgar carico	mable coalson
nick dallas	elizabeth conner
lenis hart	james cummings
tom jordan	marjory chandler
eugene kinsey	opal grantham
meredith livingston	vera groseclose
george lyons	marie hardy
roby sutherland	louise kirkner
emily langhorne	virginia roberts
myrtle myers	audrey sasher
selma quesenberry	rhoda neil sheppard
hazel richardson	virginia snider
pearl richards	louise strause

dorothy spence



CLASS OF '25 (II)

FRESHMAN HISTORY

ON the 8th of September, 1921, the Freshman Class of Pulaski High School began its course of four years study. Looking over the time that has elapsed since September, we find that together with the efficient staff of teachers, our class has made remarkable progress in work, in athletics, and in literary achievements.

Our most renowned athletes are Miller Lindamood and Ethel Nunn. For themselves and for their class they have made a record. In literary work Theodore Hall has honored the class by making a distinguished record. Theodore represents the High School in the preliminaries for the State contest to be held at Charlottesville.

We, the Freshman Class, with our record unbroken and looking forward to a bright future, are approaching the fall of 1922 as Sophomores and are all looking forward to that time when we shall be called Seniors.

Tom Jordan, '25.





DEBATE

Virginian Literary Society

FALL TERM

James Trolinger	<i>President</i>
Eugene Groseclose	<i>Vice-President</i>
Nannette Livingston	<i>Secretary</i>
Martha Derrick	<i>Treasurer</i>

Program Committee

Mary Duncan	Theodore Hall
Beveridge Roberts	Martha Derrick

SPRING TERM

Theodosia Derrick	<i>President</i>
Marshall Runion	<i>Vice-President</i>
Martha Derrick	<i>Secretary</i>
Robert Bunts	<i>Treasurer</i>

Program Committee

Vernelle Harden	Ernest Lewey
Naomi Cannaday	Eugene Groseclose
Sylvia Byrd	

WINNERS OF CONTESTS

Howard Gilmer, Jr.	Debate
Theodore Hall	Debate
Joe Baldwin.	Declamation
Dorothy Jameson	Reading
Margaret Dalton	Reading
Georgia Thomas	Reading
Theodore Hall	Declamation



OFFICERS AND WINNERS OF CONTESTS

The Beautiful Smile

"When time shall serve there shall be smiles."

HAVE we ever stopped to think that we, of all God's creatures, are the only ones that can smile? We, the highest form of life, the rulers of the earth, can smile. We do not realize our heritage, and many of us fail to avail ourselves of our high privilege.

It is said that Adam and Eve did not know how to smile when they were in the Garden of Eden. When the golden gates were closed against them forever they were very unhappy. They had lost God; He no longer walked with them as He had done in the garden. One day they learned to smile, and the smile brought God down from Heaven and He also was smiling. And today, whether we smile with our lips, our hearts, or better still with our lives, we should smile.

Some one has estimated that it takes less than half the number of muscles to smile than it does to frown. Why not save our energy—and smile? In that "road" which we all leave behind us in life—the Road of the Loving Heart—the frowns leave great rocks to hurt the ones who must travel after we have passed. Each smile leaves the smooth stretches, and passes the light on to them. But human beings are very contrary. We say that "the longest way around is the shortest way home." Do you believe it?

Sometimes there is no smile in our hearts, the way may seem dark and dreary, yet if we smile with our lips and pretend that we are happy, even if we are not, we may make others, at least, think we are. And some times we deceive ourselves. "Every cloud has its silver lining." Let us give our hearts the benefit of the doubt, and things will come out all right if we smile.

Smiles won the World War. This is a broad statement, but true nevertheless. The morale of the American soldiers won the war; they smiled! The backing of the American people won the war—they smiled; even through their tears soldiers smiled as they went "west;" mothers smiled as they told their sons good-bye. Were their hearts smiling? No, a thousand times no! But their lips were—and it paid. Marshal Foch, in his farewell address to the American soldiers, said: "When first I met you and came to admire you as fighters, cheerful,

subject to discipline under your splendid leader, General Pershing, the days were dark indeed. Yet you smiled then as you fought, and your cheerfulness and bravery helped much to bring us victory and peace."

The glory of the sun is nature's smile. As the sunlight causes the response of the flowers, of the birds, and of all life, so human smiles shed their rays on the animate world. "The light of the whole world dies when the day is done," and even the "man in the moon" still smiles! Some people say it is because he knows so many secrets, but the real reason is that the world could not live, even at night, without nature's smile. In the morning when the sun first peeps over the eastern hills, he is greeted by the dewey morning glory. Then as he ascends the heavens, shining with all his glory at noon, the world seems to stir and smile, basking in the golden flood of light. And in the evening, as he sinks to rest in the western sky, his parting smile is reflected by the "Queen of the Flowers," who has caught her own lovely rose-colored smile from the sun.

Woodrow Wilson, the highest type of American manhood, the advocate of universal peace, which would forever banish frowning war and usher in the smile of everlasting peace, has chosen, of all smiles, the best—the Beautiful Smile of a great life. Posterity will reap the full harvest of his ideals.

Youth lives, not in the past, not even in the present, but in the future. Our own Beautiful Smiles lie before us. Let us live then, shedding our effulgent rays on every side as we go down the grooves of change, and thus light the way for others.

Theodosia Derrick, '22.



Education

WHAT is an education? Education is a long, rocky, rugged road leading from darkness into light. It is a torch, as it were, lighting the way from ignorance, illiteracy, and a lack of appreciation to intelligence, independence, and appreciation of all that is high and noble and good. At first the light of the torch was very small, whose weak struggling beams were shed upon and received only by those who could afford such a precious thing, and possibly by some whose ideas were high enough and whose will-power was strong enough to persevere and sacrifice for it. Since then the light of the torch has grown until now it sheds its beams and showers its blessings upon the greater part of the world.

Though the blessings of this torch are abroad there are yet many who do not take advantage of it. Take the young man who is indifferent toward the educational part of his life, who thinks his own way the best—to him the torch sends a darkening light, frowns upon him, burdens him and burns his conscience. Yet, he forces himself to enjoy life until the time comes when he needs his education. He has grown to the age of independence, to a place where he must make his own way; he cannot find work suited to his ability, all fortune seems turned against him. Oh! how often did he hear, with regret, in his application, this question, "Boy, how much schooling have you had?" Truly he thinks of what he could have been. But it is not what he could have been, but simply what he is, and regret, which in the end is nothing but due punishment for wrongdoing and can help but little.

On the other hand, take the person whose ideals and ambitions are lofty; to him education holds outstretched hand and presents a beaming, smiling face promising to him rare treasures, qualities, and blessings foreign to those who cannot or will not experience it. Though the way is long and rugged, though at times one may become discouraged, though its trials and tribulations are numerous, to the true, diligent, and faithful student its value is precious. Its worth when obtained could not be changed for anything else in the world save salvation, to which, I think, an education is only second in life.

When we think of the value of an education to an individual, this is only a small part in its value and importance to a

community, a state, and to a nation as a whole. Just as an education has taken man as an individual from the depths of ignorance, illiteracy, and poverty and raised to a plane from which he might see and know a new happiness, just as it has developed him to that point where he can feel a higher sense of beauty, character, and honor, so it has raised the civilization of our nation, just so it has broadened the minds of our people making them the purest and the best that can be found.

And now, what *would* we do *without* it? And finally, what is that thing which is too much to do for it?

Nannette Livingston, '23.



The Drop-Kick

IT was a clear crisp day, late in November—an ideal day for football. The bleachers surrounding the gridiron of St. Mary's were packed. People were standing along the side-lines waiting for the greatest game of the season to be played, the greatest because it was to be played between the ancient rivals, St. Mary's and Rockwood. Last year Rockwood had won, and all the players on St. Mary's team were going to play their best.

The whistle blew, a hush fell over the field as Johnson of St. Mary's kicked off, far into Rockwood's territory. Every one was cheering and enjoying the game except James Bartly, who was sitting on the substitute bench. Apparently he was watching the game, but his mind was on something else. He was thinking over his past life at St. Mary's.

He had come there as a freshman four years past, and had tried for the football team, but did not even make the second team that year. In his sophomore year he played on the second eleven and got to play in some of the smaller games. He came back to St. Mary's the next year thinking he would be a member of the first team, but something was lacking. He worked mechanically and put neither pep nor drive into his plays. Thus his third year passed with him not nearer the first team than before, and the one ambition of every St. Mary's man was to play against Rockwood and to win.

When he reported for practice the first afternoon, in his last year at St. Mary's, the coaches had seen a change in him. He was trying for the same position as usual, right half-back. It was found that he could drop-kick especially well and the coaches had said that if he kept the pep up he started with, he would make the first team. So the first game played between the Scrubs and the Varsity found Bartly playing on the Varsity. During the season he had made a fine record and then in the third game before the big game with Rockwood, while playing unusually well, he was carried off the field with a badly hurt knee. When at last he reported for practice it was three days before the Rockwood game and Allen had been chosen to play in his place. And now he watched the game being played instead of playing.

Early in the first half, a Rockwood end caught a forward pass and made a touchdown. Then Rockwood kicked a goal

and brought the score to 7 to 0. The noise made by the rooters sounded a dull roar in his ears except occasionally when one side made a good play and its rooters would cheer it the more loudly. At the end of the first half Bartly was brought to life by hearing his name called; Allen was hurt and he was to play. In the first play he was given the ball and made fifteen yards. The ball was now in Rockwood's territory. In the next play St. Mary's fumbled and Rockwood recovered the ball, but had to punt out of danger. St. Mary's now had the ball on their third yard line. Bartly dropped back as if to punt, instead he threw a sixty-yard pass to Cardwell, and after a series of line plunges St. Mary's made a touchdown. The rooters went wild. Bartly was playing a brilliant game, being everywhere, tackling good, and playing a game never equaled on St. Mary's field. A touchdown was made, but Johnson failed to kick goal; that left the score 7 to 6 in favor of Rockwood, and there were only forty minutes to play. Rockwood kicked off, and it was St. Mary's ball on their own twenty-yard line. Bartly threw a pass which took them down the field twenty yards more. There were only forty seconds to play; they could not possibly make a touchdown in that time. There was only one chance left—a drop-kick. Would the line hold? Could he kick against that freshening breeze? It was a chance to win, however, so it was tried. He dropped back to kick, the ball was snapped, the line broke, but the ball sailed high over the heads of the oncoming Rockwood players and on over the crossbar. The whistle sounded. St. Mary's had won by two points. Bartly was hoisted to the shoulders of the boys and carried at the head of the snake dance, and he was supremely happy for he had played against Rockwood and had won.

Roby Sutherland, '25.





Life

Life—what is it?
Ah! who knows?
Just a visit,
I suppose.
Joy and sorrow
For a while,
Then tomorrow
Time's gone by.
Youth—the morning,
Manhood—noon,
Age—the evening;
Death comes soon.
Shines a light
To guide us; then
'Tis not far to
Home again.

Linda Conduff, '22.

ATHLETICS





ORGANIZATION OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Eugene Groseclose *President*
Mary Duncan *Vice-President*
Minnie Pierce *Secretary*
Alton Duncan *Treasurer*

Coaches

Allen F. Hall *Football-Baseball*
Miss Margaret Jordan *Basketball*

Managers

William Allison *Football*
James Trolinger *Baseball*
Mary Duncan *Basketball*

Captains

Harry Patteson *Football*
Eugene Groseclose *Baseball*
Marion Thomas *Basketball*



CAPTAIN H. PATTESON

Football Squad 1921

Harry Patteson	Captain
William Allison	Manager
Allen F. Hall	Coach

VARSDITY

Harry Patteson	Full Back
William Allison	Right Half Back
Alton Duncan	Left Half Back
Eugene Groseclose	Quarter Back
Clarence Miller	Right End
Jack Haislip	Left End
Livingston Sheppard	Right Tackle
Miller Lindamood	Left Tackle
Marshall Runion	Right Guard
George Tilson	Left Guard
Robert Runion	Center

SUBSTITUTES

John Cox		Ernest Lewey
Billy Bones		Julian Moyers
Joe Bones		



FOOTBALL SQUAD

Football Season of 1921-1922

AT the beginning of the season of 1921-1922 the football squad elected Harry Patteson captain of the team for the season of 1921. We began practice in earnest under the direction of Coach Allen F. Hall and were soon in shape for the first game. We opened the season on October 1 by defeating Christiansburg High by the score of 19 to 12 on our home grounds. On October 7 we played the heavy Radford High School team to a 7 to 7 tie. We outplayed our opponents in every way and it was only by weight that they scored on us. Our forward passes seemed to keep the visitors guessing as they did in every game we played. The following Friday, October 14, we suffered a decisive defeat at the hands of Blacksburg High. Our team did not show form that they had in the previous games, but were beaten by one of the best teams of the State by a score of 66 to 0. On next Thursday, October 20, the Orange and Black defeated Wytheville High to the tune of 76 to 0. On October 28 our eleven journeyed to Bristol, Va. The game with the Bristol High was the best game that we played during the whole season. P. H. S. started down the field by successful forward passes and had the rival team guessing. Although we were beaten by a much heavier team by a score of 39 to 0, the spectators gave us credit for the best passes ever seen in Bristol, even by a college eleven. Our team showed the real fighting spirit and again the weight of the opponents was the only cause of the defeat of the Orange and Black. On November 4 we had a strong opponent in the Dublin High, but we launched a defeat of 19 to 0 over the Dublinites on the P. H. S. gridiron. On Armistice Day we were defeated by Christiansburg High by a score of 26 to 7. On the following Friday, November 18, we closed the season by taking the large end of a 14 to 7 score, beating the Dublin High School for the second time on our home grounds.

SCHEDULE '21-'22

P. H. S. 19	At Pulaski	C. H. S. 12
P. H. S. 7	At Pulaski	R. H. S. 7
P. H. S. 0	At Blacksburg	B. H. S. 66
P. H. S. 76	At Pulaski	W. H. S. 0
P. H. S. 0	At Bristol	B. V. H. S. 39
P. H. S. 19	At Pulaski	D. H. S. 0
P. H. S. 7	At Christiansburg	C. H. S. 26
P. H. S. 14	At Pulaski	D. H. S. 7
P. H. S. 142	Opponents	157



CAPTAIN M. THOMAS

Basketball Team

Marion Thomas.....	Captain
Mary Duncan.....	Manager
Miss Margaret Jordan.....	Coach
Lena Bones.....	Forward
Virginia Runion.....	Forward
Ethel Nunn.....	Guard
Wittie Ellis.....	Guard
Pauline Bopp.....	Jumping Center
Marion Thomas.....	Side Center

SUBSTITUTES

Margaret Eopp

Minnie Pierce



BASKETBALL SQUAD

Basketball Season 1921

THE 1921-1922 season of basketball opened with a game with Wytheville High School on October 21, in Wytheville. The game was very close, but the Orange and Black defeated the opponents by a score of 9 to 6. The second game of the season was taken by the score of 46 to 1. It was an overwhelming defeat for Draper High School, in which the Pulaski forwards completely outclassed their opponents. Runion and Bones were the outstanding stars of the game. On November 5 the Orange and Black warriors journeyed to Ivanhoe and came out with the large end of a 63 to 0 victory. Again the Pulaski High forwards had the opponents guessing, and though the odds were against them by playing on a foreign court they kept their opponents from scoring. The short season, handicapped by an outside court and bad weather, ended on November 15, when Pulaski High defeated Draper High for the second time that season by a score of 57 to 2. This game was played in Pulaski and was witnessed by a large crowd. Bones and Runion, the stellar forwards for the Orange and Black, were the highest scorers, scoring most all of the points for Pulaski.

GAMES

Oct. 21.....	P. H. S....	9.....	W. H. S.....	6
Nov. 4.....	P. H. S....	46.....	D. H. S.....	1
Nov. 5.....	P. H. S....	63.....	I. H. S.....	0
Nov. 15.....	P. H. S....	57.....	D. H. S.....	2

P. H. S.....175

Opponents..... 9



ORGANIZATIONS



Monogram Club

Wittie Ellis *President*
 Eugene Groseclose *Vice-President*

MEMBERS

Lena Bones	Alton Duncan
Pauline Bopp	Eugene Groseclose
Ethel Nunn	Clarence Miller
Marion Thomas	Jack Haislip
Virginia Runion	Miller Lindamood
William Allison	Marshall Runion
Joe Bones	Robert Runion
William Bones	Livingston Sheppard

Wittie Ellis



P. E. P. Club

Theodosia Derrick	President
Bessie Allison	Vice-President
Linda Conduff	Secretary and Treasurer
Dollie Kasey	Reporter
Miss Mary Thomas	Sponsor

MOTTO

"While we live, let us live."

COLORS—*Red and Green.*

FLOWER—*Red Pepper.*

PASS WORD—"Poivre."

PURPOSE—*Perpetual Motion.*

MEMBERS

"Tommy" Thomas
 "Hindoo" Conduff
 "Bece" Allison

"Nan" Dalton
 "Snake" Duncan
 "Dink" Kasey

"John" Baldwin
 "Dot" Chandler
 "Kid" Derrick



GLEE CLUB

Glee Club

Eugene Groseclose *President*
Janet Baldwin *Vice-President*
Bessie Allison *Secretary and Treasurer*
Linda Conduff *Business Manager*
Miss Evelyn Finks *Pianist*

MEMBERS

Bessie Allison	Crystal Frye
Mary Amburn	Louise Fitzhugh
Anna Allison	Dorothy Jameson
Linda Conduff	Thelma Richardson
Dorothy Chandler	Vera Moorefield
Agnes Carico	Dollie Kasey
Nannie Dalton	Vernelle Harden
Janet Baldwin	Vara Smith
Theodosia Derrick	Alyne Hurd
Mary Duncan	Georgia Thomas
Blanche Vaughn	Ethel Quesenberry
Frances Painter	Eugene Groseclose
James Trolinger	Marvin Harden
Howard Gilmer	



“June Bug” Club

Minnie Pierce *President*
 Beveridge Roberts *Secretary and Treasurer*

MOTTO

“Live, live, rather than exist.”

COLORS—*Orange and Maroon.*

AIM—*To be “Big Bugs.”*

MEMBERS

“Tommy” Thomas	“Vamp” Cannaday
“Betty B” Roberts	“Java” Painter
“Nance” Livingston	“Dimps” Jameson
“Piggy” Russell	“Pattie” Pack
“Sister” Nelson	“Batch” Bones
“Line” Stuart	“Charlie” Dean
“River” Jackson	“Spain” Lewey
“Wild Minnie” Pierce	“Country” Lowman
“Shampoo” Allison	“Curly” Southern
“Zena” Thompson	“Cornbread” Runion
“Corkscrew” Jennings	“Gi” Bunts
“Dough Face” Matheney	“Judy” Moyers



“Bobby” Club

Marion Thomas *President*
 Audrey Sasher *Vice-President*
 Dorothy Jameson *Secretary and Treasurer*
 Miss Margaret Jordan *Sponsor*

MOTTO

“Don't put off cutting off tomorrow what you can cut off today.”

FLOWER—*Forget-me-not.* COLORS—*Blue and White.*

MASCOT—*Curling Iron.*

MEMBERS

Mildred Carson	Lena Gray
Audrey Chandler	Ethel Lewey
Marjory Chandler	Emily Langhorne
Dorothy Chandler	Ethel Nunn
Nannie Dalton	Audrey Sasher
James Cummings	Georgia Thomas
Anna Smith	Marion Thomas
Alyne Hurd	Helen Morris
Dorothy Jameson	Grace Whitaker
Selma Quesenberry	



Theodosia Derrick *Most Popular* Eugene Groseclose
Marion Thomas *Most Athletic* William Allison
Marjorie Chandler *Cutest* Billy Cheves
Alyne Hurd *Wittiest* Moore Harvey
Mary Duncan *Best Natured* James Trolinger
Theodosia Derrick *Most Talented* Hastwell Sizer
Louise Fitzhugh *Biggest Eaters* James Trolinger
Nannie Dalton *Best Looking* James Trolinger
Theodosia Derrick *Most Original* Robert Bunts
Alyne Hurd *Biggest Flirts* Julian Moyers
Bessie Allison *Best Sports* William Allison
Frances Painter *Most Bolshevik* William Lowman
Blanche Vaughn *Most Studious* Ernest Lewey
Alyne Hurd *Biggest Talkers* Moore Harvey
Marjorie Chandler *Freshest Freshmen* Robert Calfee
Theodosia Derrick *Best all Round Seniors* James Trolinger





REV. L. C. DICKERSON



DR. W. S. GILMER

Organization of Boy Scout Council

Rev. L. C. Dickerson, Commissioner

Dr. W. S. Gilmer, President
J. W. Miller, Vice-President

Temple Painter, Secretary
E. T. Howard, Treasurer

COURT OF HONOR

C. P. Macgill, Chairman

J. C. Elliott Dr. R. F. Thornhill E. W. Caltee V. A. Keister

FINANCE COMMITTEE

J. W. Miller, Chairman

J. R. Glenn Robert Bunts, Jr. J. N. Bosang E. T. Howard

TROOP ORGANIZATION,

H. C. Gilmer, Chairman

C. A. Duncan T. A. Roberts W. B. Gibbs

CAMPING COMMITTEE

P. H. Roberts, Chairman

Dr. C. D. Kunkle Neal Bunts H. W. Van Doren

CIVIC SERVICE

M. P. Landis, Chairman

C. C. Richardson D. B. Mullins E. G. Otey

LEADERSHIP AND TRAINING

J. Gilmer Bosang, Chairman

O. C. Brewer W. C. McKee T. C. Painter



SCOUTMASTERS



TROOP NO. 2

Boy Scouts of America, Pulaski, Va.

Hensel Eckman, Scout Master

Girard Southern, Senior Patrol Leader

Ernest Lewey, Scribe

Walter Lewey, Treasurer

RAVEN PATROL

Jack Haislip, Patrol Leader

Walter Lewey

Marshall Bassett

Forest Wainwright

Wiley Ring

George Phillips

BUFFALO PATROL

Charlie Quesenberry, Patrol Leader

Mark Ferguson

Rhudy Payne

Lawrence Hight

Edgar Carico

William Hart

Wilbur Lewey

PINE TREE PATROL

Ernest Lewey, Patrol Leader

Dewey Dalton

Arvie Hughett

James Trolinger

Sam Matheney

Edward Thornton

ASSOCIATE SCOUTS

Lewis Price, Baltimore, Md.

Livingston Price, Roanoke, Va.



TROOP NO. 5

Boy Scouts of America, Pulaski, Va.

W. E. Balderson, Scout Master
 W. H. Seagle, Asst. Scout Master
 Howard Gilmer, Jr., Senior Patrol Leader
 Conway Smith, Scribe
 Joe Baldwin, Treasurer

WOLF PATROL—Clarence Painter, Patrol Leader; Charles Gatewood, William Thomas, Sam Haislip, Jason Runion, Harvy Byrd, Hillis Tickle.

BLACK BEAR PATROL—Alonzo Carper, Patrol Leader; Junior Lyon, Kyle Fox, Conway Smith, David Kent, Joe Baldwin, Eugene Kinsey, Judson Harris.

FLYING EAGLE PATROL—Marvin Harden, Patrol Leader; Theodore Hall, Tecumseh Dalton, Gray Langhorne, George Leach, Johnny Morris, Rudolph Albert.

STAGG PATROL—George Lyons, Patrol Leader; Nick Dallas, Howard Noe, Estel Smith, Dick Glenn, Johnny Jones, Raymond Ratcliffe.

Troop Committee: B. C. Taylor, Guy Laughon, Dr. C. E. Bowles.

This troop plans an active program for the year. Over-night hikes, baseball, one hundred fifty mile camping trip, watermelon feasts, and all other activities of scouting.

We endeavor to stand by the home, school and church, in developing the best citizenship. Our motto is, "Justice to All."

Associate Scouts, Haller Gilmer and Boyd Conduff, Draper, Va.



TROOP NO. 4

Boy Scouts of America, Pulaski, Va.

TROOP COMMITTEE

James G. Bosang

H. T. Hiltzheimer

Richard E. P. Ham

W. J. Alfriend, Scout Master

Roswell Cheves, Assistant Scout Master

William Bones, Senior Patrol Leader

Hastwell Sizer, Scout Scribe

Carl Bunts, Treasurer

MEMBERS OF TROOP

William Bones

Joseph Bones

Hastwell Sizer

Albert Kirkner

William Cheves

Ansell Derrick

Fred Whisman

Meredith Livingston

Carl Bunts

Robert Bunts

Archie Duncan

Robert Calfee

Woodson Cummings

Roby Sutherland

Charles Dean

Homer Covey

Frank Jackson

Sam Pillsbury

Tom Jordan

Dick Crowder

Delmas Gallimore

Temple Crockett

Lefew Duncan

Louis Smith

Bascom Jones

Otho Hudson

Porter Wisler

George Crowder

Historical Sketch of Scouting in Pulaski

"One-two-three-four, one-two-three-four, left-left-left, troop right, march." O, glory, see those Pulaski Scouts, clad in khaki, faces tanned and smiling, as erect in carriage and elastic in step, they file past with beating drums and flying colors. A long time that, for they began coming ten years ago and the end of the column is not yet in sight.

In the summer of 1912, two years after the National Boy Scout movement was launched, Mr. Sam Hurst, then a resident of Pulaski, invited all boys of scout age in the town to meet with him for the purpose of forming a local troop. Shortly afterwards a full troop of four patrols was duly organized and chartered. These first Scouts of Pulaski went on many hikes and did some camping; however, within a year interest began to wane and ere another twelve months elapsed the organization had practically disintegrated. Nevertheless a start had been made; good seed had been sown; a splendid boys' program had been introduced to the community.

Troop No. 2 was chartered, in October, 1914, with Mr. Hensel Eckman as Scoutmaster. This body of Scouts was purposely limited by the leader to two patrols only, so that intensive work might be done. In the beginning, this was a church troop, originating in the Presbyterian Church, constituted by boys of that congregation, and meeting regularly in their house of worship. Later, however, upon application, boys of other denominations were received into the organization and it became an independent troop.

Mr. Eckman continued as Scoutmaster of this troop until September 15, 1918, at which time he changed his place of residence to New York City. During this period these Scouts did much hiking, went on a troop camping trip each summer (the favorite site being Foster Falls), and made commendable progress in scoutcraft. While during this time no merit badges were awarded, a few of the boys became first-class Scouts.

In the meantime, although Troop No. 2 had absorbed much of the material of Troop No. 1, which disbanded before the organization of No. 2, it became evident in the spring of 1917 that there was an urgent need for two troops in the community. Upon being approached concerning the matter, Mr. Richard Ham consented to form Troop No 3. Fifteen candidates were

duly registered and the troop duly chartered; but, a few weeks thereafter the Scoutmaster made application to enter an officers' training camp and necessarily severed his connection with this troop. In the few weeks that Mr. Ham had charge of these Scouts excellent work was done, but his departure was a death blow to the troop.

Rev. L. C. Dickerson succeeded Mr. Eckman as Scoutmaster of Troop No. 2, assuming the duties thereof in October 1918. Thereafter these scouts successively had as their meeting places, for periods of time varying in duration, the Baptist Church, a down-town club room, and finally a room in the High School building, at which place the three troops now extant have their in-door meetings. As is indicated by the place of meeting, scouting in Pulaski is more closely affiliated with the public schools than any other institution; and, although the troops are nominally independent, they might properly be called school troops.

To enter into the details of this the last period of local Scout history would unnecessarily weary those sufficiently interested in Pulaski scouting to peruse these paragraphs; and consequently a summary of what has been accomplished will suffice. From the one troop of 25 members have issued forth two additional troops, Nos. 4 and 5, with a total enrollment in all three troops of——; instead of one Scoutmaster with no assistant, there are now three Scoutmasters and two assistants; on the first of last January the National Council chartered a local second-class council, constituted by representative citizens of Pulaski, to supervise and to provide for scouting in this community; whereas, previously the summer camp had always been a temporary location, in the spring of 1921 the Rotary Club erected and gave to the Scout Council a splendid cabin, which, with a capacity of 100, is used as dining room and kitchen; the interest of the community in scouting is manifested, not only by the Rotarians' gift, but also by the fact that the Scout Council has decided to give every Scout in good standing, one week in camp this summer without charge; of the number of first-class Scouts now there is no end, not a few have merit badges, two are Veteran Scouts, one is a Star Scout and one was recently awarded the Eagle badge.

Such, briefly, is a history of scouting in Pulaski. The humorous things that have happened among these Scouts would, in themselves, afford material for a lengthy essay. The "good turns" done would fill a great volume. A record of

cigarettes left unlighted and the manhood preserved has been given no place in this sketch.

When in a reminiscent mood, one "of the old guard" inhales again of the rare atmosphere of Mt. Mitchell, hears the roar of Linville Falls, is made drowsy by the sound of rain pattering on his tent, sits down once more to break bread at the foot of Grandfather's Mountain with a grand-nephew of Daniel Boone, feels his blood tingle with delightful excitement as he retraces a trail followed in the dead of night through mountains filled with bears.

But, scouting in Pułaski is too young to reminisce. It must look to the future. As Scouts become more numerous, the discipline must not be relaxed nor the standard lowered. Forever, in this community, may the Scout badge retain its significance, and may an unworthy person never be allowed to wear it.

L. C. Dickerson, Scout Commissioner.





Eighty fresh freshies,
Sitting on a wall,
Along came Latin,
Oh! What a fall.

+ + +

Bob Calfee (to Mr. Tilson)—Have you got any penny pencils?

Mr. Tilson—Yes, sir.

Bob—How much are they?

+ + +

Mr. Eckman (in laboratory)—Now, class, this compound is very dangerous; it's likely to blow us through the roof any minute. Now, everybody, step up close so that you can follow me better!

+ + +

Mr. Trolinger—Jim, now that you have graduated what are you going to be?

Jim—A banker, father.

Mr. T.—A very noble ambition, and why did you choose such a calling?

Jim—Because the banks close at 3 o'clock.

+ + +

Ernest Lewey—Can you remember dates?

Billy Bones—I never had any.

Miss Thomas—I was chilled to the bone. What a blessing these registers are.

Mr. Elliott—Pardon me, Miss Thomas, but that's a perforated mat you are standing on.

+ + +

Vara Smith—The dentist tells me I have a large cavity that needs filling.

Louise Fitzhugh—Did he recommend any special course of study?

+ + +

Miss Finks, on entering the Junior room, heard Dorothy Jameson say: "Minnie, you're the biggest dunce in the room."

Miss Finks—Girls, you seem to have forgotten I'm in here.

+ + +

Girard Southern—Say, Bob, if we get up an orchestra what will you play?

Robt. Runion—I'll play the dumb-bells.

+ + +

If a Senior is "fresh" is he a Freshman?

+ + +

Dorothy Jameson—Don't you know, I bought a House of Seven Gables for a quarter the other day!

+ + +

Senior—You want to keep your eyes open around here today.

Junior—What for?

Senior—Because people will think you're a perfect fool if you go around with them shut.

+ + +

Billy—Dad, who was Hamlet?

Mr. Bones—My goodness, don't you know anything? Get your Bible and I'll show you.

+ + +

Photographer—Do you want a large or small picture?

Senior—A small one.

Photographer—Then close your mouth.

+ + +

Miss Watts will now render that heart-stirring little ballad entitled, "Report to me at 3.30,"

SIGNIFICANT STONES

Freshman—Emerald
 Sophomore—Moonstone

Junior—Grindstone
 Senior—Tombstone

+ + +

Jim T.—Eugene, have you read “Freckles?”

Eugene—No, thank goodness, mine are brown.

+ + +

Raymond D.—Did you ever take chloroform?

Jim T.—No, who teaches it?

+ + +

Miss Finks (in English class)—What is aftermath?

Robt. Bunts—Recess.

+ + +

Linda Conduff (discovering hole in her sweater)—Dear me, I simply must cuss this sweater.

+ + +

Mr. Eckman—What does lime and water form?

Dorothy Jameson—Whitewash.

+ + +

Miss Ralston—Take this proposition tomorrow and we will go to the board on it. (Who says the Seniors are not riding through geometry?)

+ + +

Miss Thomas (lecturing Seniors in Civics)—Always consider the man—that’s the important question.

+ + +

Billy Lowman (hunting for English book)—Who’s got my “Princess?”

Julian M.—I have.

Billy—Now, Judy, you’re always cutting me out.

+ + +

Georgia T.—Er—aw—What was the denomination of the bill you loaned me?

Nannie Dalton—Episcopalian I guess. It seems to keep lent very well.

+ + +

Gi. Bunts used to get “D” on composition because of misspelled words; now he uses dialect and gets “A.”

Miss Thomas—What are the people of Turkey called?
Class (unanimously)—Turks.

Miss T.—Yes. What are the people of Austria called?

Nick D.—Ostriches.

* * *

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

(Revised by Juniors)

Caesar is our friend, we shall not want another;

He maketh us to stay in after school

For his translating's sake.

While we are in Pulaski High

We shall fear no evil,

For he will always be with us,

And Miss Watts tries to comfort us

By her "Now hurry up" in Caesar class.

He prepareth a breakdown for us

In the presence of our teacher;

Our tears begin to flow.

Surely, Caesar and Miss Watts shall follow us

All the days of our lives,

And we shall be in Pulaski High School forever.

L. P. '23.

* * *

Mr. Elliott—Eugene, where's that bit of paper with the combination of the safe on it? I can't unlock the safe without it.

Eugene—You said to put it where it wouldn't get lost, so I put it in the safe, sir.

* * *

Linda—What's the matter, Nannie; swallowed something the wrong way?

Nannie—No, swallowed the wrong thing the right way.

* * *

Miss Finks—What do you know about the age of Elizabeth, Girard?

Girard (dreamily)—She'll be eighteen next May.

* * *

A pair in the hammock attempted a kiss,

When all of a sudden

They looked like this.

President of Senior Class (at meeting)—Order, please.
Eugene G.—Ham and eggs.

+ + +

Vernelle—Have you seen “The Salamander?”
Mary D.—That’s French for dining room, isn’t it?

+ + +

Mr. Eckman—What is space?
Howard G.—I have it in my head, but I can’t explain it.

+ + +

Miss Ralston—Moore, when are algebraic signs used?
Moore Harvey—When—er—when you don’t know what you are talking about.

+ + +

Marjorie Chandler—Well, I didn’t know Columbus had a telephone; but here’s his number as plain as day—1492.

+ + +

Billy Cheves—It’s a good thing they don’t measure a man by inches, or where would I be?

+ + +

Mr. Eckman—What is the shape of the earth?

Georgia T.—Round.

Mr. E.—How do you know?

Georgia—All right, it’s square then; I don’t want to start an argument.

+ + +

Virginia Roberts (reading in English class)—While wandering along he came to a brook. He walked along the bank hunting for a ford to cross.

Nick Dallas—Why, I didn’t know they had Fords then.

+ + +

Carl Bunts—I thought you took Latin last year.

Alonzo Carper—I did, but Miss Watts gave me an encore.

+ + +

Marvin—Ronald Powell is going to be P. H. S. crack pitcher next year.

Alton—Why?

Marvin—He’s taking a correspondence course on pitching.

Mary D. (teaching as substitute)—What good do the blood vessels do?

Joe Baldwin—Help you to live.

Mary—How?

Joe—Keep you from dying.

* * *

"CLASSIFIED ADS"

For rent—Entire upper floor, unfurnished. Apply to Vara Smith.

Lost—A bottle of hair mucilage. If found return to Eugene Groseclose.

Wanted—People to know that I have opened a hair-dressing establishment and am prepared to rent curls and impermanently wave hair. Terms, cheap. Apply to Miss Agnes B. Carico, Fries, Va.

Lost—An infant's rattle. If found return to "Baby" Trolinger.

Lost—A French accent. Reward if returned to "Iki" Dawson.

Wanted to know—Why Mary Duncan is so fond of the Sophomore room. Send all information to Theo. Derrick.

Found—"A stray cat," long and extremely thin, maltese color and of a negative disposition. Apply to Billy Lowman.

For Rent—To any class that feels the need of one, an angel. Reasonable terms. Apply to Senior Class.

Lost—Two ounces of fat. Reward if returned to Vernelle Harden.

* * *

Billy Cheves asked his mother what a meridian was and was told that it was a place where a line runs around the earth. Not long after this he went to Bristol and his mother noticed that he went to a certain spot and stayed several hours a day. When asked why, he answered: "I'm waiting at the meridian to see the lion on his next round."

* * *

Miss Rolston—Dorothy, you can't draw a circle, nor a sphere, nor a pyramid, nor a polygon. What can you draw?

Dorothy Chandler—Please, I can draw my breath.

I stood upon the hill-top,
 I looked down in the plain,
 I saw a bunch of moving stuff,
 I thought it must be grain.
 I took another look—
 I thought it must be grass;
 But goodness! to my horror,
 It was that Freshman class.

+ + +

Howard Gilmer—I ran across a friend of yours last week.
 John Cox—Hurt him much?

+ + +

Nannie D.—I just put my hand on a hot iron. What
 must I do?

Dorothy C.—Read Carlyle's Essay on Burns.

+ + +

Miss Watts—Robert, in this sentence, "Brutus murdered
 Caesar," what case is murder?

Robt. Runion—Third degree

+ + +

Didyouever
 Wait
 Until Exam
 Time
 To study
 And then
 Pick out
 What
 You thought
 Were
 The most
 Important things
 In
 The book
 And then
 Have
 Your teacher
 Ask everything
 Except
 What you had
 Studied?
 Didja?

Memories

Back through the years, with memory
And love to light the way,
Back to the days at P. H. S.
We'll come again some day.

Once more as boys and girls in school,
Ourselves again we'll see;
Then days that are shall yield their place
To days that used to be.

Again the rush to get to school—
Again the chapel bell—
The dread we feel of lessons missed—
The joy to know them well.

Once more we'll see the happenings—
The funny and the sad,
And laugh until it hurts to laugh
At things that made us "mad."

We'll see each teacher here again—
The teachers we love so.
Things then we'll better understand
Because we'll better know.

Our hearts, they'll beat to faster time
As basketball we'll play,
Or, as on diamond or gridiron
We'll fight to not give 'way.

Our school!—in memory 'twill be
Our school!—always so dear,
For you many a sad, sweet sigh—
Perhaps a silent tear.

Blanche Vaughn, '22.

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"Do you know that I started
life as a barefoot boy?" said the
merchant who had been rather
successful.

"Well," answered the clerk,
"I wasn't born with shoes on either."
—*Pathfinder*.

DOING HER BEST

"Mary, were you entertaining
a man in the kitchen last night?"

"That's for him to say, mum.
I was doing my best with the
materials I could find."—*Liverpool*
Mercury. (90)

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PHONE 9

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Wear and
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"Where do the jellyfish get their jelly?"

"From the ocean currents."

They brought the condemned man to the gallows.

"Henry, have you anything to say?" asked the sheriff.

"Yes, sah. I'se got a few words to state. I merely wish to say dat dis suttinly is going to be a lesson to me."

O! G!

To a motorist driving sPD
Came a train that he never did C,
And the last of this J
May be seen on Sunda
P. M. at 2 sharp, R. I. P.

The world is becoming more efficient. In the old days before bootleggers, drinking one's self to death was a long and painful process. -*Coatsville Record*.

"Is this a fast train?" the salesman asked of the conductor on the Cripple Creek branch line.

"Of course it is," was the reply.

"I thought it was. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"

Mrs. Brown says that her son Tom is the smartest boy in town. He made two chairs out of his own head, and still had enough wood left to make an armchair.

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Colored Recruit—Say, sahjent, lucidate to me de s'nificance ob dis heah nombah which 'pears on mah loomnum lavilleah; 't says 3,250,-884.

Old Timer—Boy, lissen to knowledge. Dat's yo' heavenly billet numbah, in case de old bony gent wid

de crooked razoo axdentally unhitches yo' soul from yo' galluses.

Colored Recruit—Hot towel. Sho hopes mah wings fits bettah dan dese cowhide brogans, if ah has to propel mahse'f to numbah 3,250,884 Pah-dise Avenoo.—*The American Legion Weekly.* (93)

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Fair Damsel (finishing for compliment) —Jack proposed last night! Wonder why he chose *me* when he could have had most any girl he wanted?

Unfair Damsel—Don't know, unless he inherited his father's hobby.

Fair Damsel—Why, what hobby is that?

Unfair Damsel (cuttingly)—
Collecting curiosities! —*Mink*.

She—You are a baseball player, aren't you?

He—Yes, I wish you'd mention it to your father.

She—What for?

He—He took me for a football player last night.

One hot afternoon a young man in shirt sleeves was wheeling a baby carriage back and forth before a small house near National Park, in Washington. He looked hot but contented.

"My dear," came a voice from an upper window of the house.

"Let me alone," he called back. "We are all right."

An hour later the same voice in earnest pleading tones:

"Arthur, dear!"

"Well what do you want?" responded. "Anything wrong in the house?"

"No, Arthur, dear, but you have been wheeling Clara's doll all the afternoon. Isn't it time for baby to have a turn?"

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Where can a man buy a cap for
his knee?

Or a key for a lock of his hair?

Can your eyes be called an acad-
emy because there are pupils
there?

In the crown of you head what
jewels are found?

Who travels the bridge of your
nose?

Could the crook in your elbow
be sent to jail?

How can you sharpen your
shoulder blades?

Could you sit in the shade of the
palm of your hand?

Or beat the drum of your ear?

Does the calf of your leg eat the
corn of your toe?

Then why not grow corn on the
ear?

TYPES OF MOONSHINE

They sat upon the garden stile—
The youthlet and the maid;

"The stars above are not so bright
As you," he softly said.

She lifted up her tiny hand
Toward Luna's golden light;

"The moon above is not so full
As you, my dear, tonight." (96)

A Puritan girl named Brint
Once gave to her cheeks a red tint.
She was seen by her brother
And then by her mother:
What she caught ain't fit to print.
—*The Rainbow.*

"Binks is dead."

"How come?"

"He stuck his head into the Red
Dog Saloon and hollered fire."

"Well?"

"They did." —*The Rainbow.*

"Why don't you teach that dog
to do some tricks?"

"I have tried," replied the man
who lacks energy. "The dog won't
learn."

"Not enough intelligence?"

"Too much. I can see by the
expression of his face that the dog
doesn't see any more sense in the
tricks than I do."

Barber (leisurely stropping his
razor) —You're getting a bit grey,
sir.

Customer (impatiently)—Think
you'll get through before I'm bald?

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DALTON THEATRE

Mark Twain was called upon to speak at a club dinner, and took for his theme "Honesty." He said when he was a boy at home he one day saw a cart full of melons. He was a boy—and he was tempted; and besides he liked melons. "I sneaked up to that cart," said Mark, "and I stole a melon. I went into an alley to devour it. But I had no sooner set my teeth into it than I paused; a strange feeling came over me. I came to a quick resolution. Firmly, I walked up to that cart, placed the stolen melon where I got it from—and took a ripe one."

—
An old colored woman, who came in to help by the day, was engaged

in clearing away after a bounteous repast which had included a huge watermelon. As she passed through the doorway, carrying in each hand a well-filled can of the glistening melon rind, she turned and, rolling her eyes, said:

"Miss Fanny, would you mind if I carried home one o' dem cans?"

"Why, no, Mandy," was the reply, "but what in the world do you want with it? You don't keep pigs or chickens."

"La, no, Miss Fanny. I don't keep no pigs," said she, laughing. "I jes want to make de neighbors jealous. Dey don't nebber hab no sich garbage as dis settin' outside deir front steps!"—*Western Druggist*. (97)

Mark C. Bane

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Seed, and Fertilizer.

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and Jack Horner Self
Rising Flour
and the Famous 24% Union
Grains Dairy Feed.

Someone says that he noticed that more men were going into banks and fewer into saloons, but this situation is due to the fact that you get four per cent in the bank and one-half of one per cent at the saloon.

Hewitt—"He wouldn't rent you that flat, eh?"

Jewett—"No, he said I was so bow-legged that I would be continually rubbing the paper off the walls."
(98)

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PULASKI +++ VIRGINIA

Mike was walking down the gangplank of the steamer on which he had just come over from Ireland, when he saw a diver in all his trappings come out onto the pier.

"By gorry!" he said. "If Oi had thought o' that Oi would have walked over moiself."—*Mink*.

BAD CASE

"What does young Jones mean by sending me one carnation a day, right along?"

"Why don't you know? He's saying it with flowers and he stutters." (99)

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